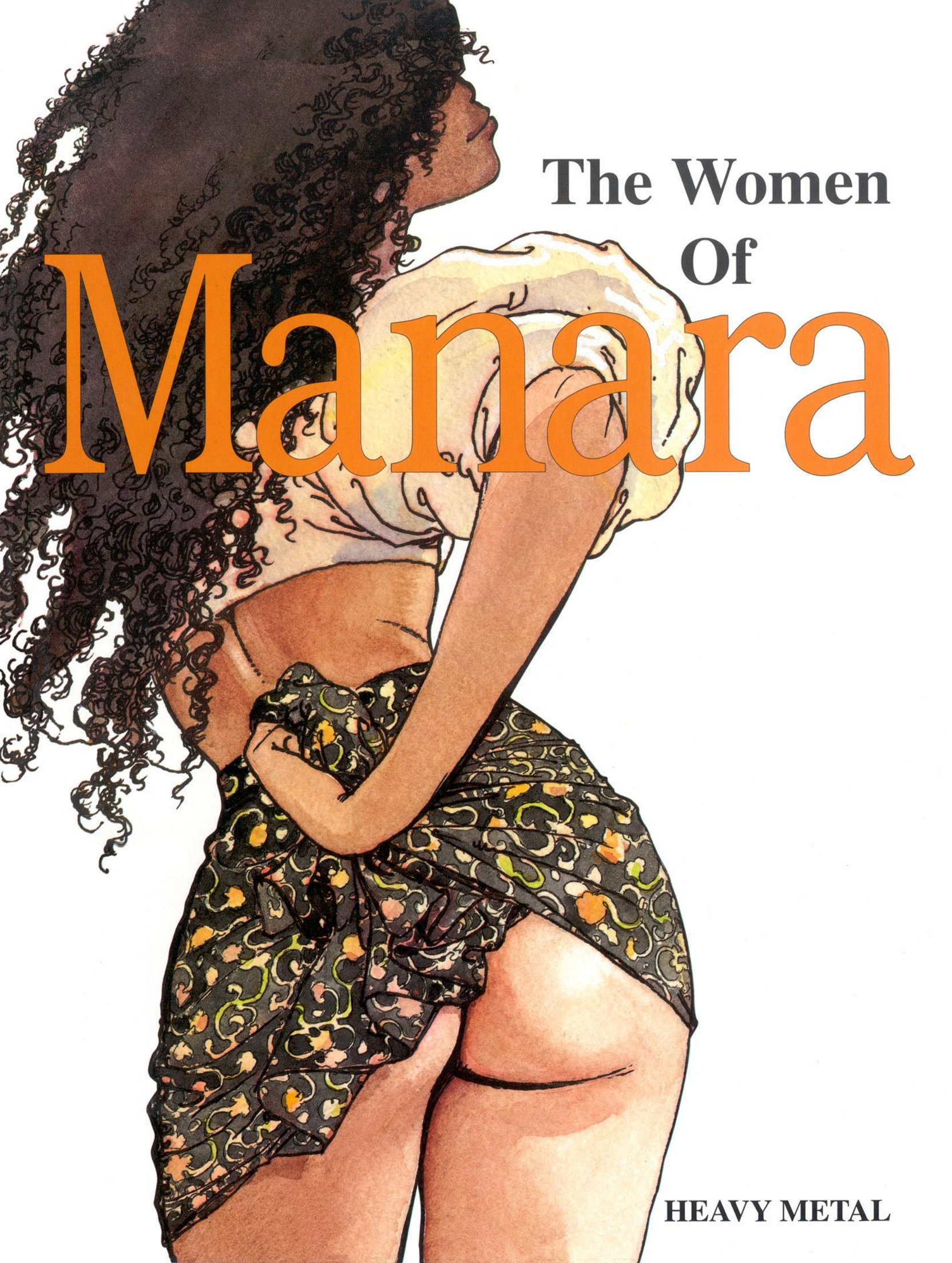
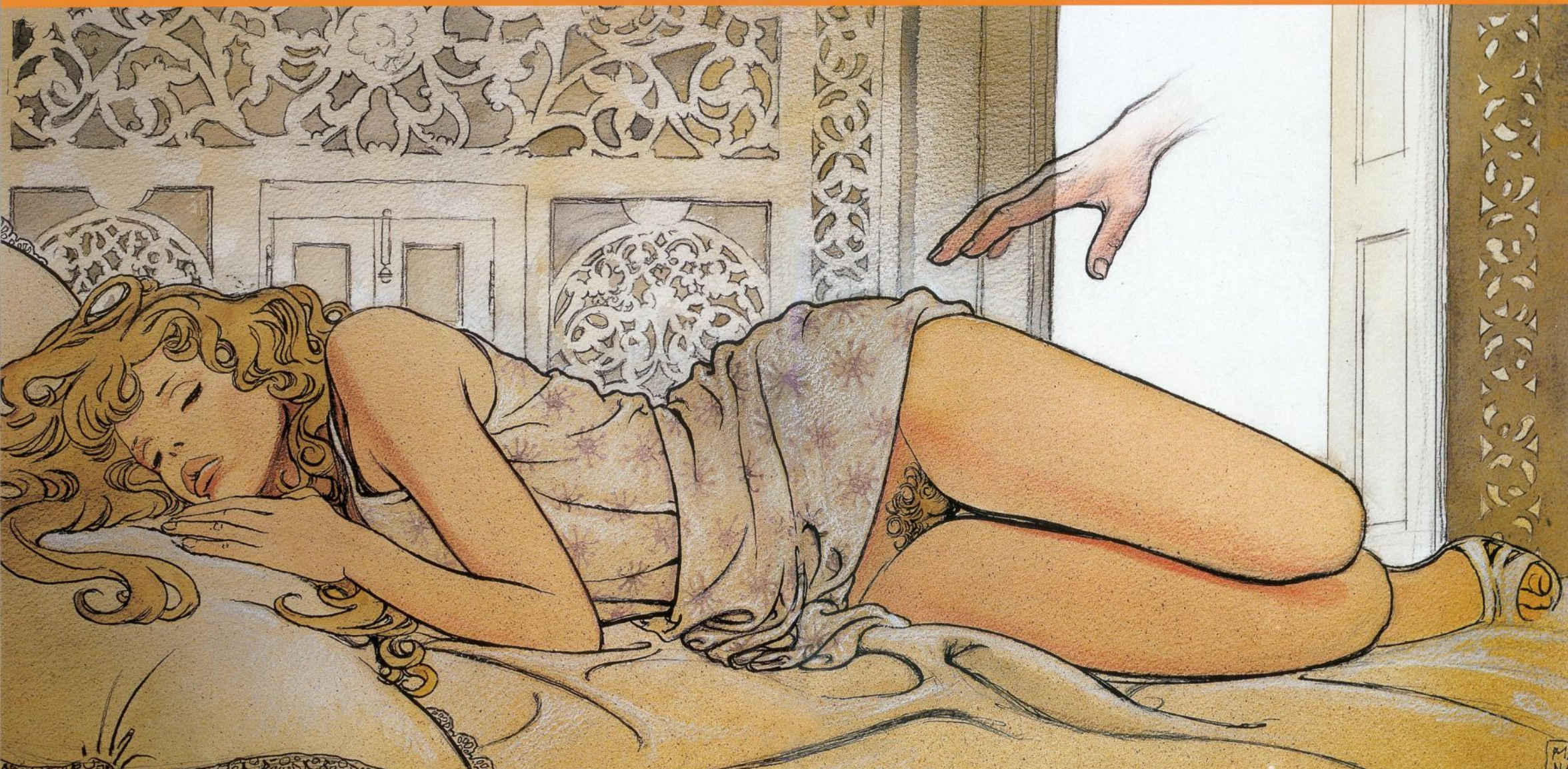


The Women Of Manara

HEAVY METAL



The Women Of Manara

HEAVY METAL

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By Milo Manara
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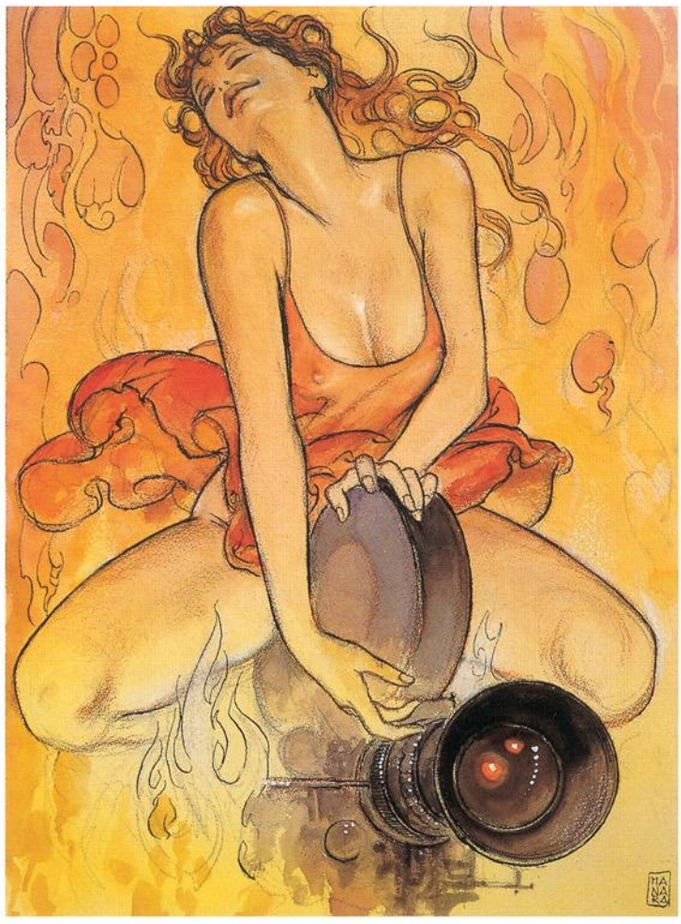
The girls of Manara have no equals. They are perfection. They seem so smooth at first sight that the confounded eye glides over them. Take the time for the details. Linger. It's in the totality of the look. In the dimple of a cheek. In the fall of a mane of hair or the jut of a hip. A detail is always distinguished by their scant clothing. The girls of Manara are not pearls of culture. They are wild pearls. Sumptuous, voluptuous, all different. Look at them. Take the time for the details, decode them. Each has a story.



Starlets

Night lifts its veil and the voice of the moon makes the crystalline dreams of sleeping girls tinkle like chandelier crystals. Invisible lover, come back to me. Brushed, smoothed, sketched in the warm air, she softly touches my aura. Plucked at, kneaded, falling into my full hands and reaching the apogee, ripping of my fragile flesh with her cannibal teeth. The girls dream. But of what? Of a house of equivocal forms of pleasure? Of outraged Virtue lifting her branding iron in the face of illicit caresses? The sigh of bison roused by the hot brand that burns a hollow into the hide? The beautiful dreamers are terrestrial and it is in the abandon of sleep that one hears better the volcanic rumble that resides within them. Sleep, my good fellow, in the center of their soft belly. Mount the indomitable horse is only a dream of a mad monkey after all.

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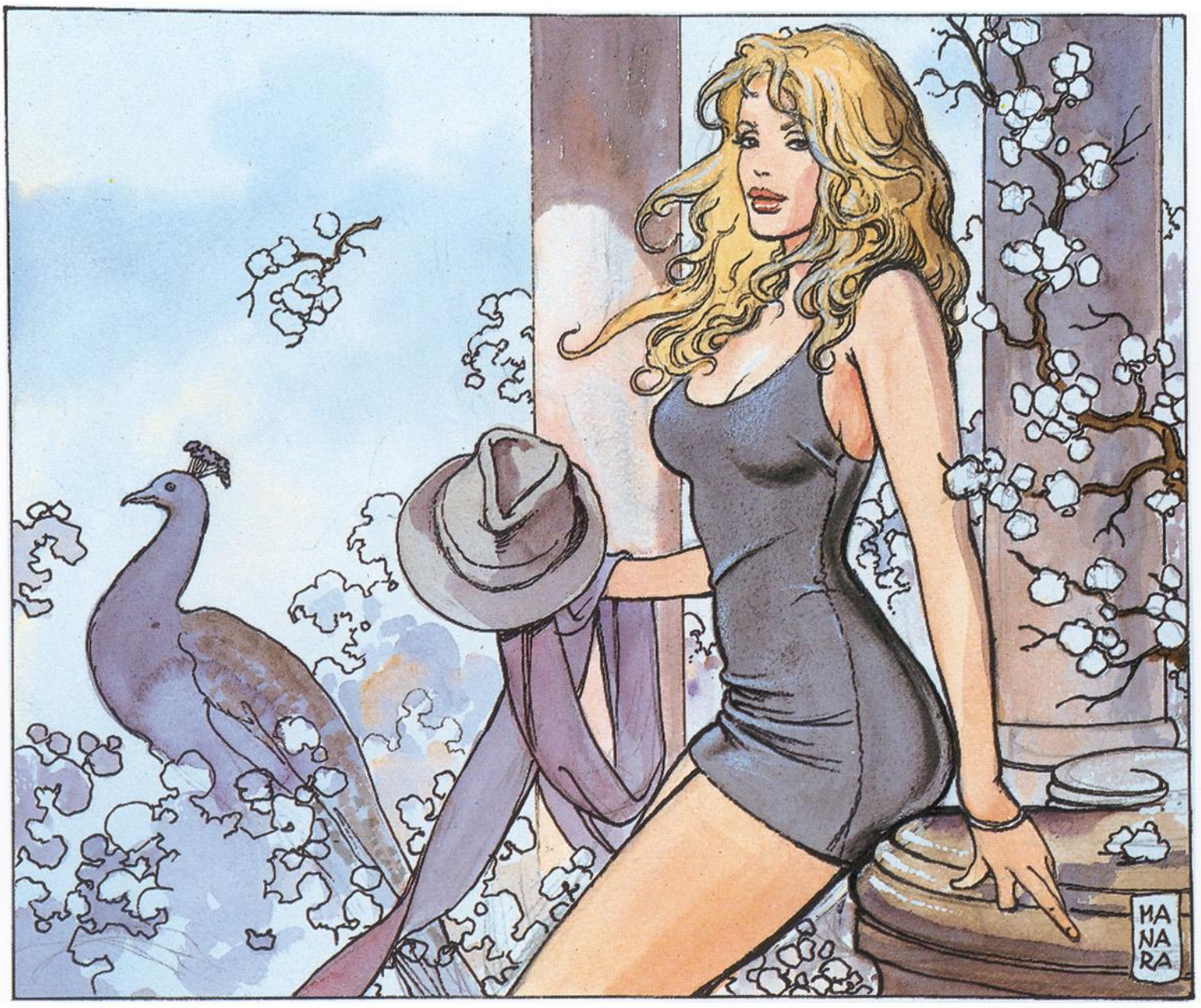
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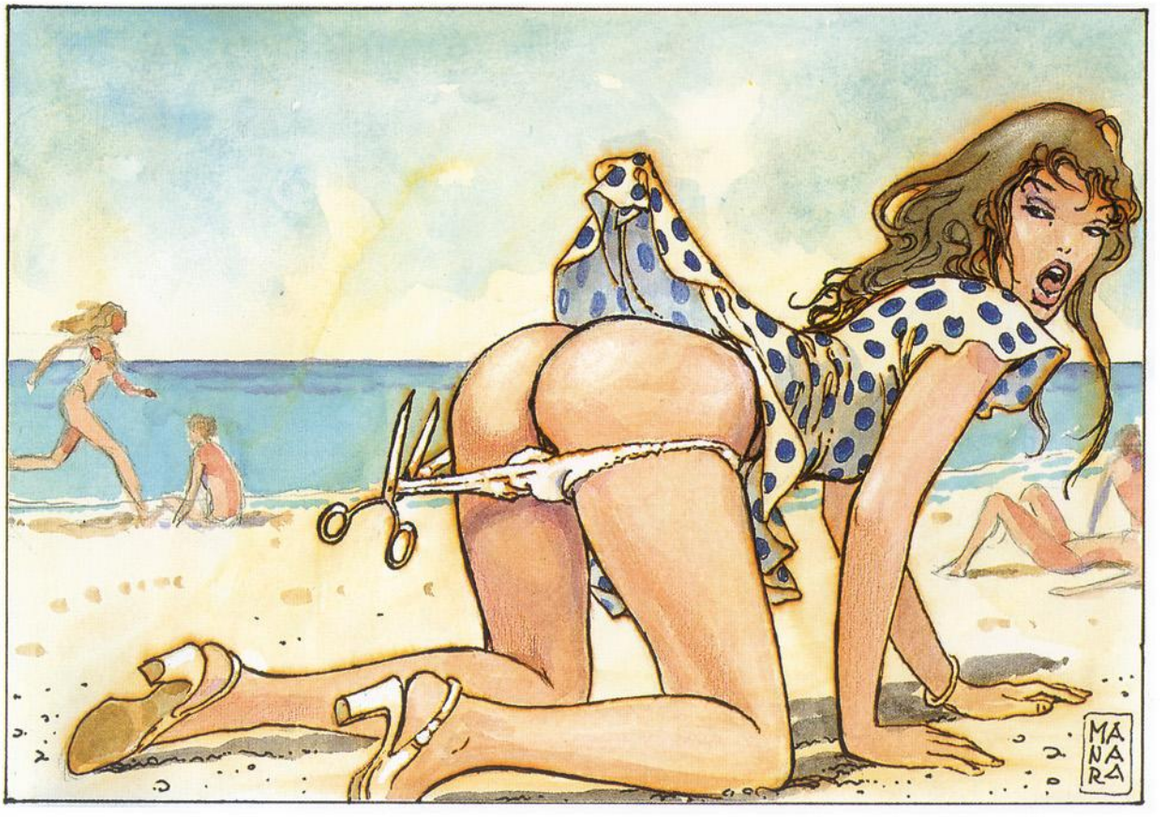
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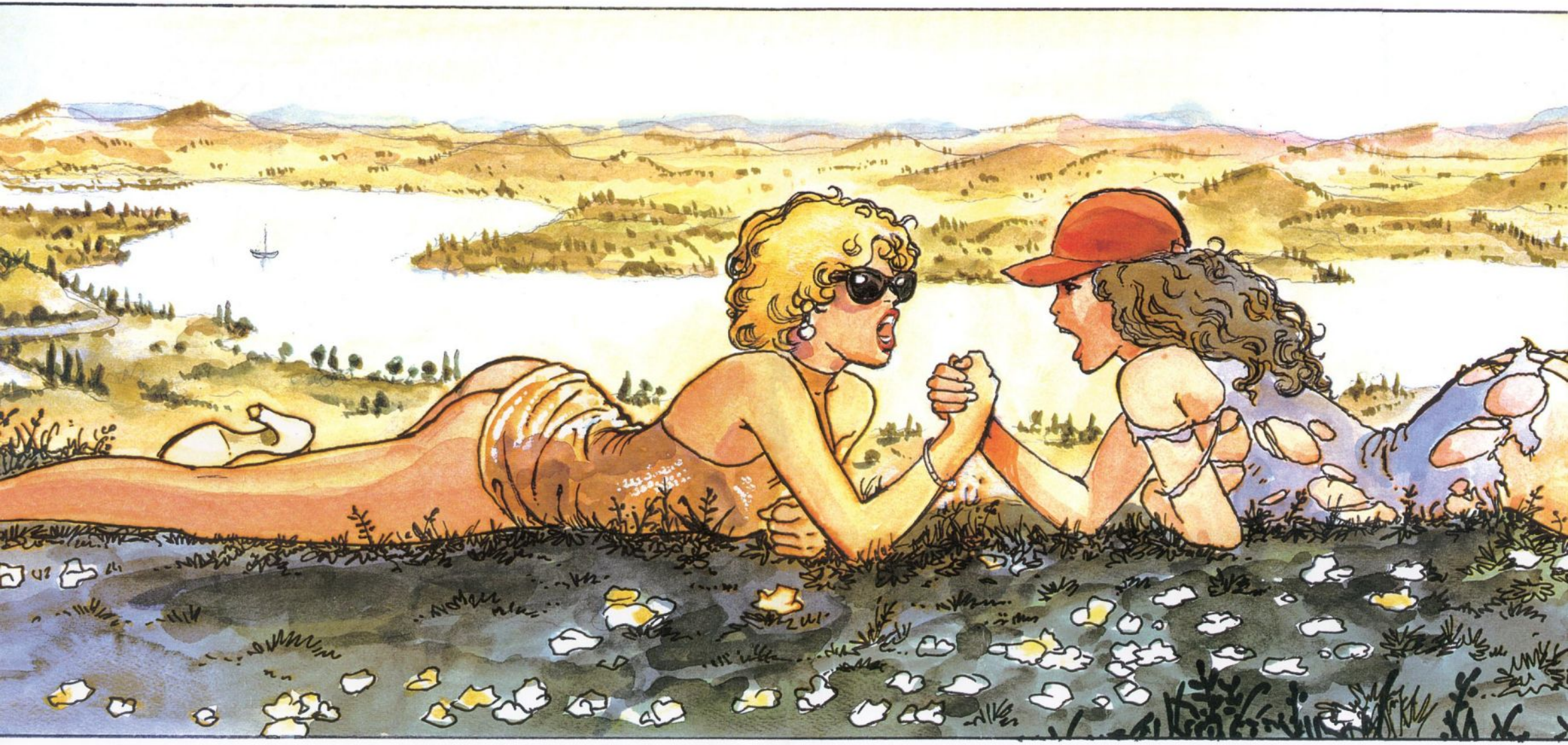
Between Themselves

What do they whisper when they are alone? What intense words? What sweet pledges? Milky profanities they give forth when they are not with their lovers. My tongue glides in your ear, my finger searches for the opening to your love ring. Open up, oh my sister. Let's marry. Girls without men. They play at being boys. Girls gang. Happiness to whomever falls riddled by the well trained style of our high heels.



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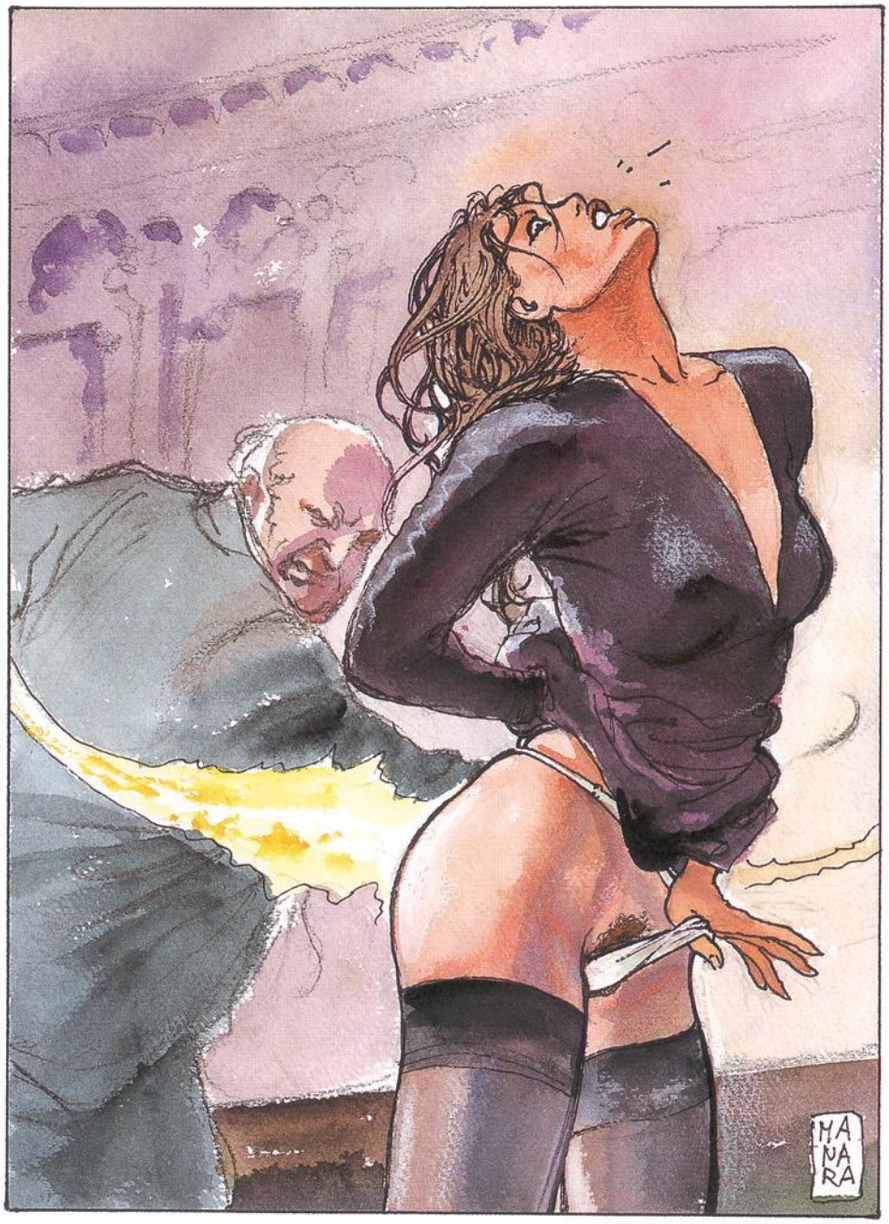
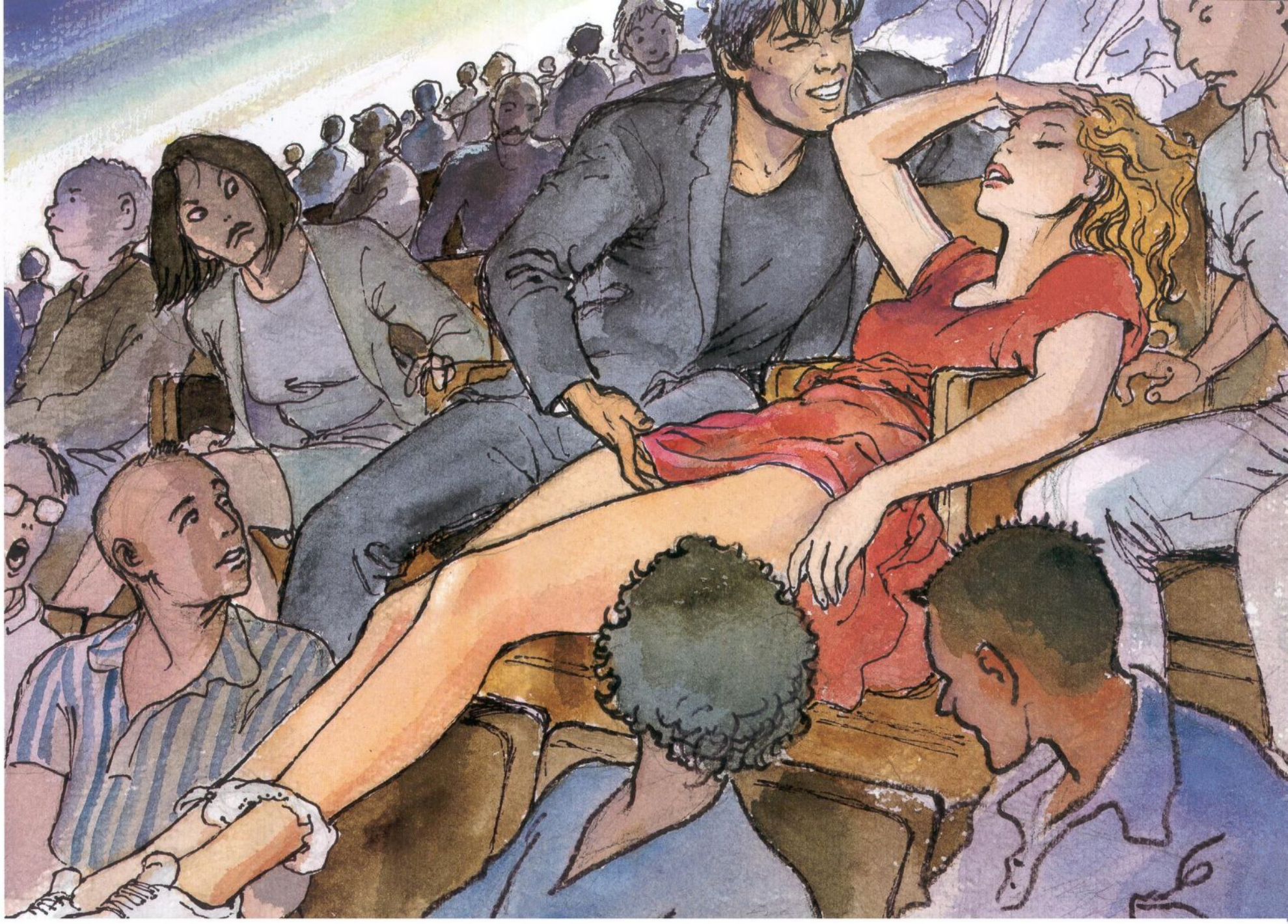
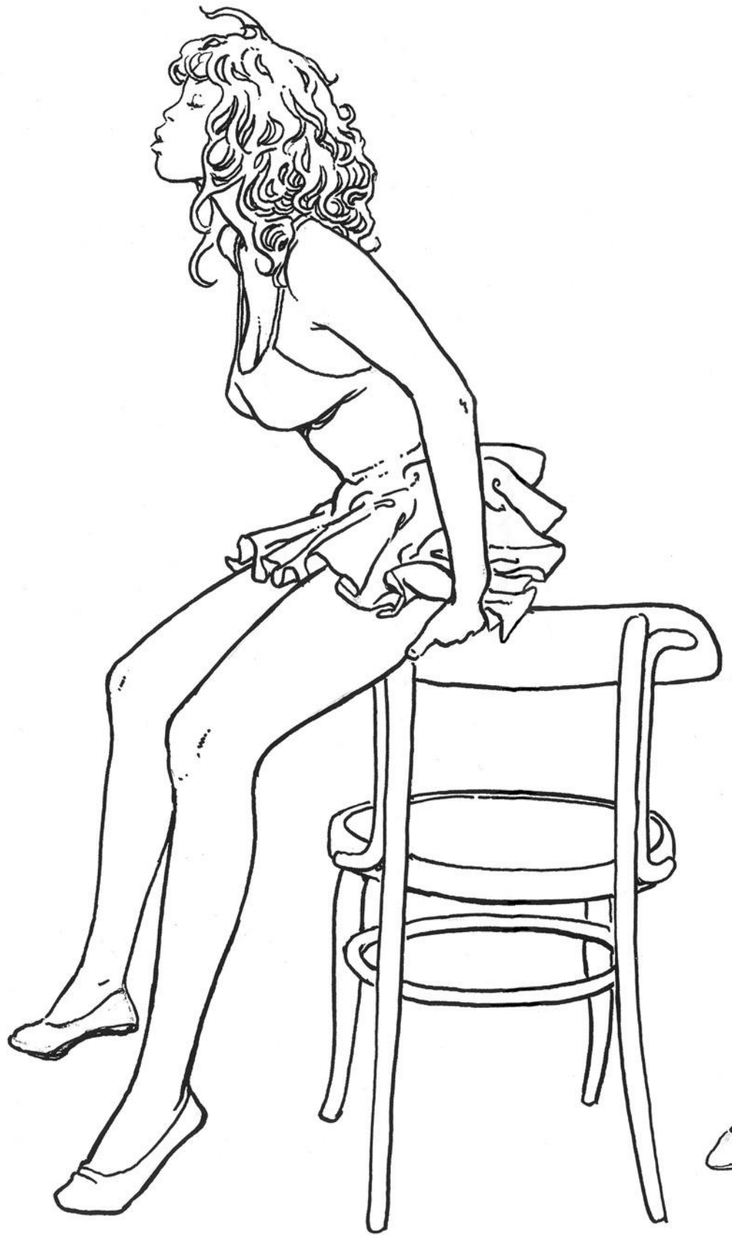


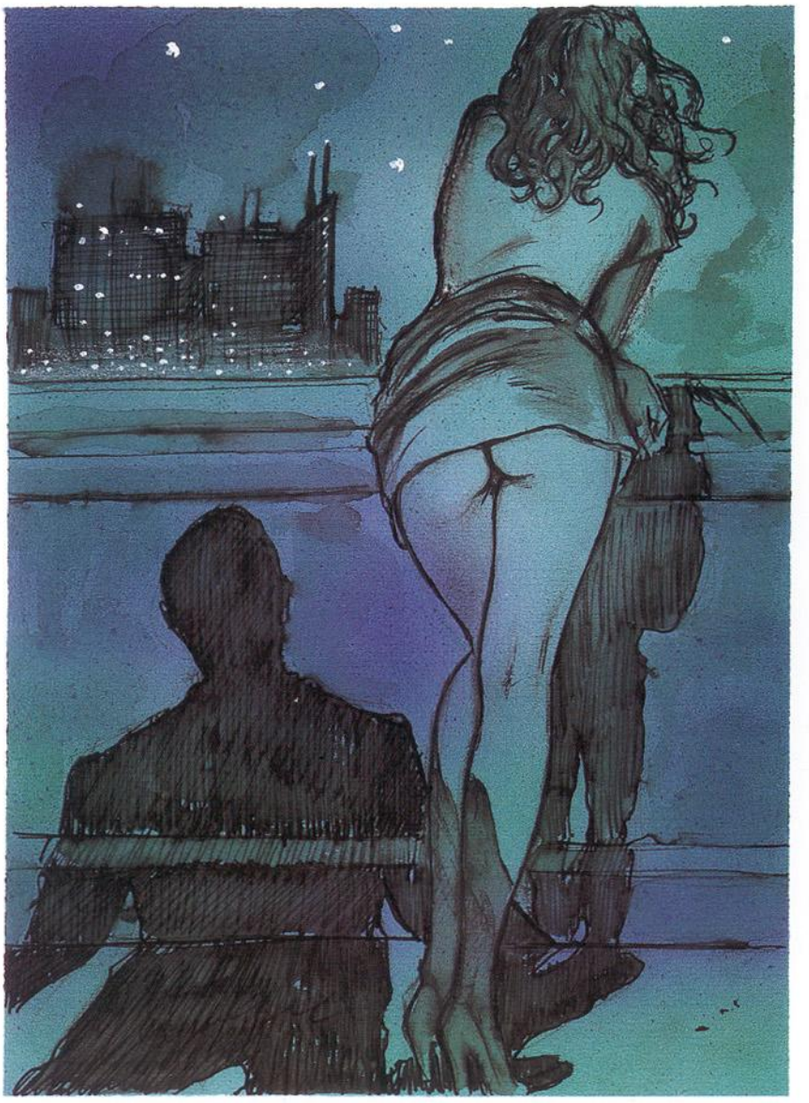
The Humiliated

She who takes on her skin the hand which falls. She therefore shows her flesh to all those who are present. She who mocks the vulturous looks of shady couples, does she submit herself to humiliation? Or is she the initiator? Victims and masters.



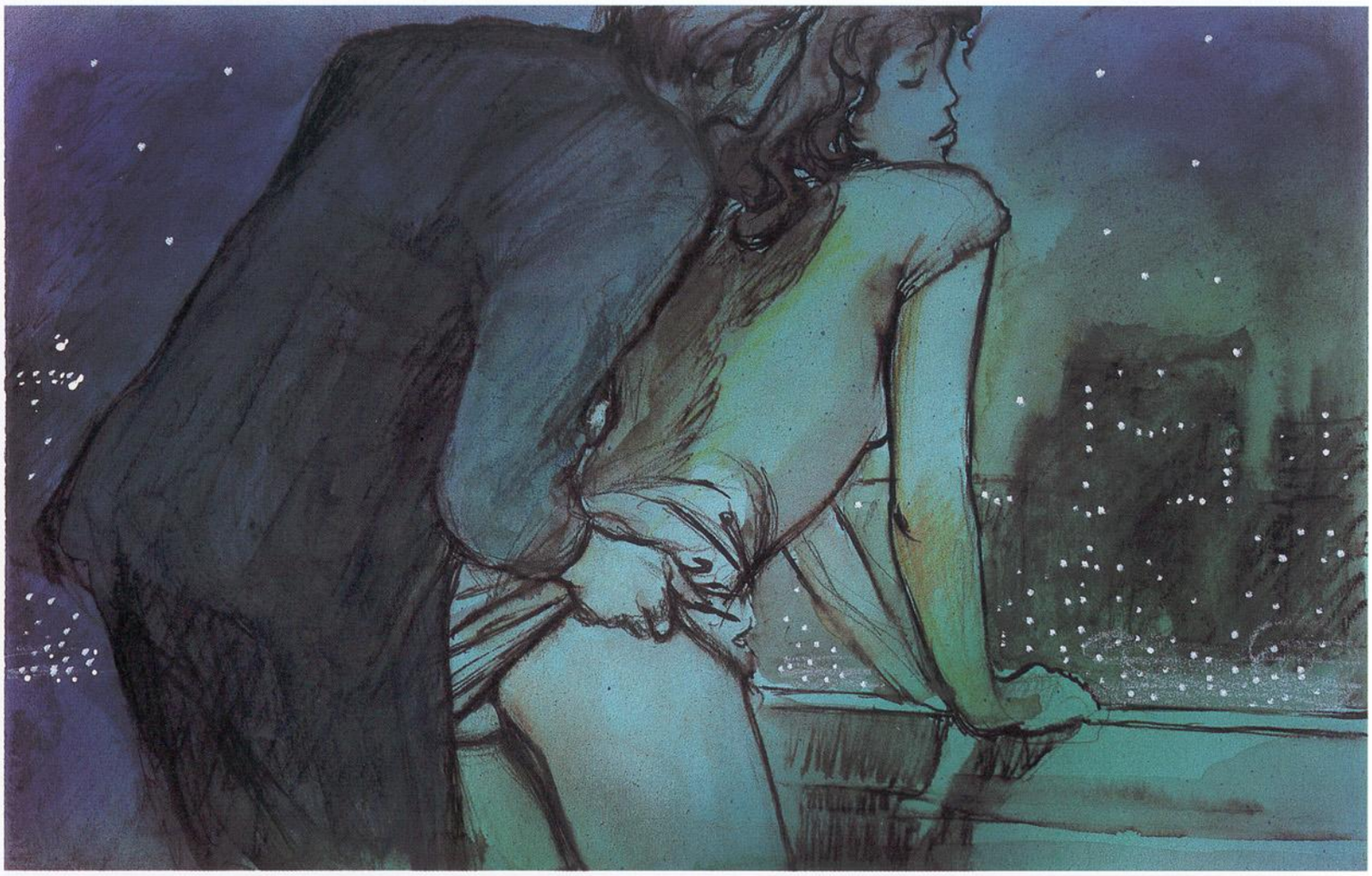
Who leads who? In the little theater of pain and submission, the roles are doled out in a funny fashion. Most often it is thus: whomever kneels, runs the show. It is they who cry, "Harder." It is they who implore, "Tighter." It is they who lift their chest against the chains. They march ahead. They show the way. And it's the other, who hits, who exposes, who restrains the slave of this desire that is spurred on to shame, the dog of pleasure whom he degrades.

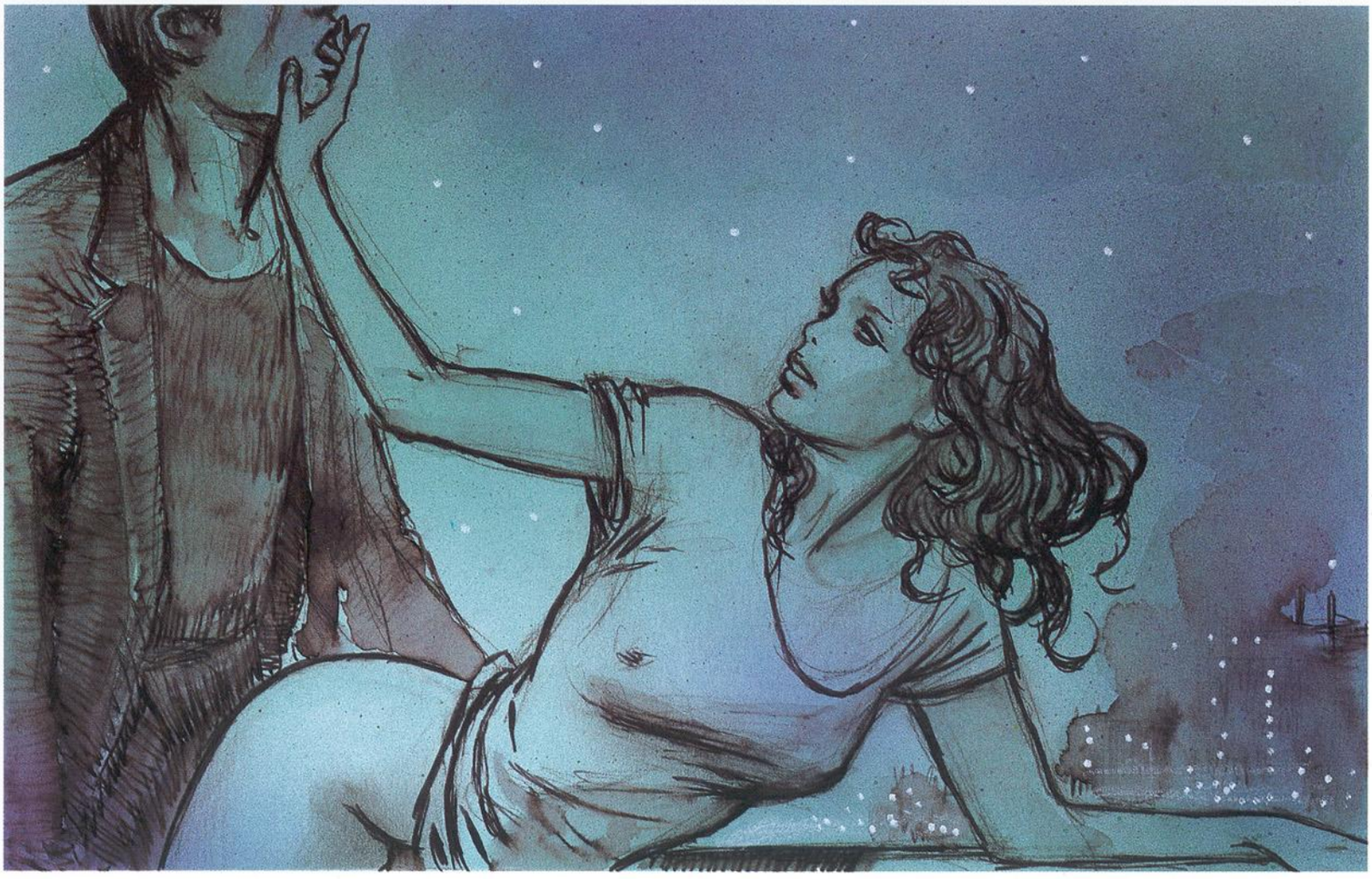


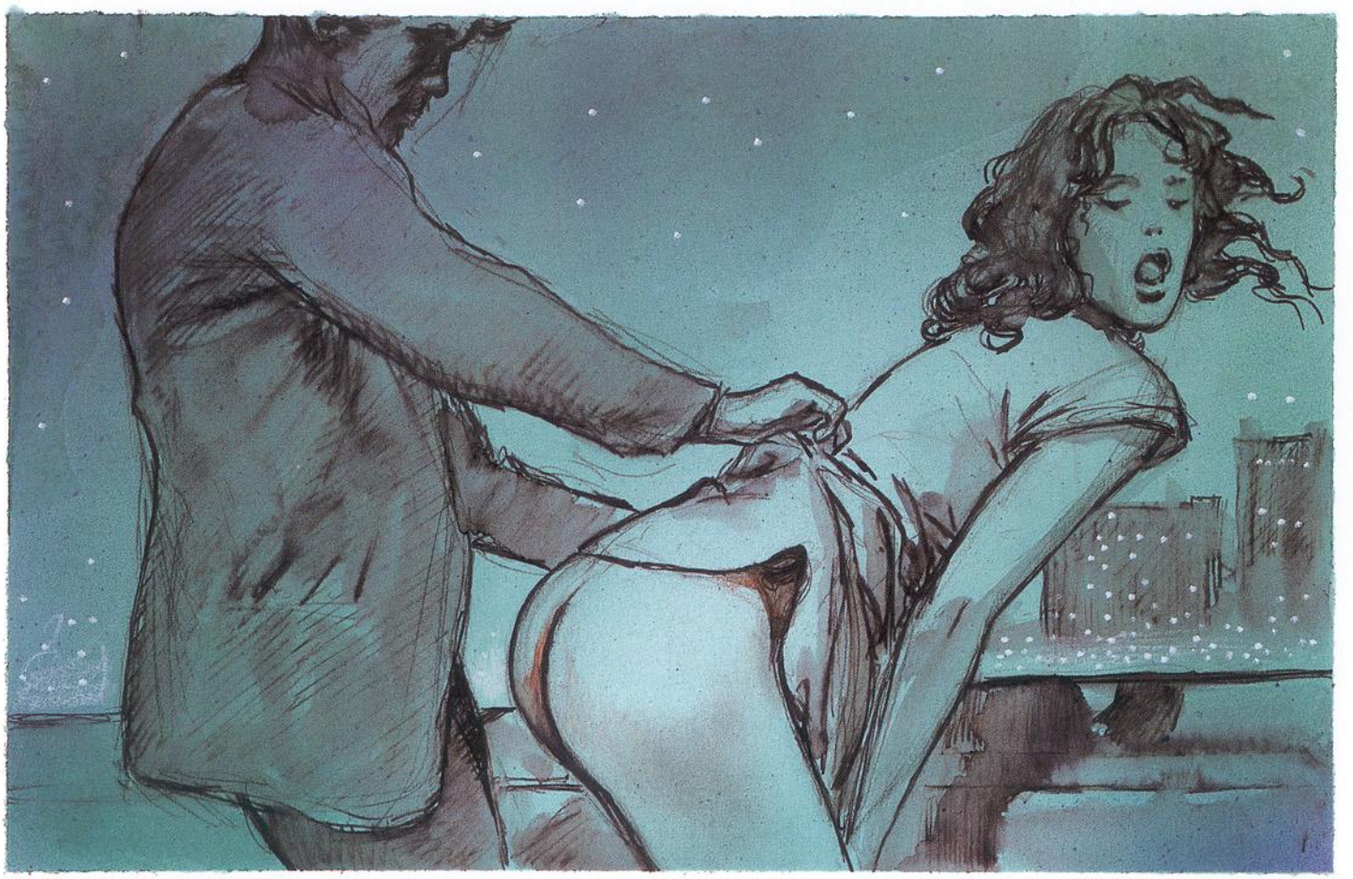


On The Balcony

The city makes eyes at her. He joins the girl on the balcony. He says, "Can you imagine? Under each of those lights, there is a couple making love. And we..." He lets it drop, lost in the summer night. She does not turn. He smells her odor, the odor of musk. He feels her canine mood. For a little, he would yelp.





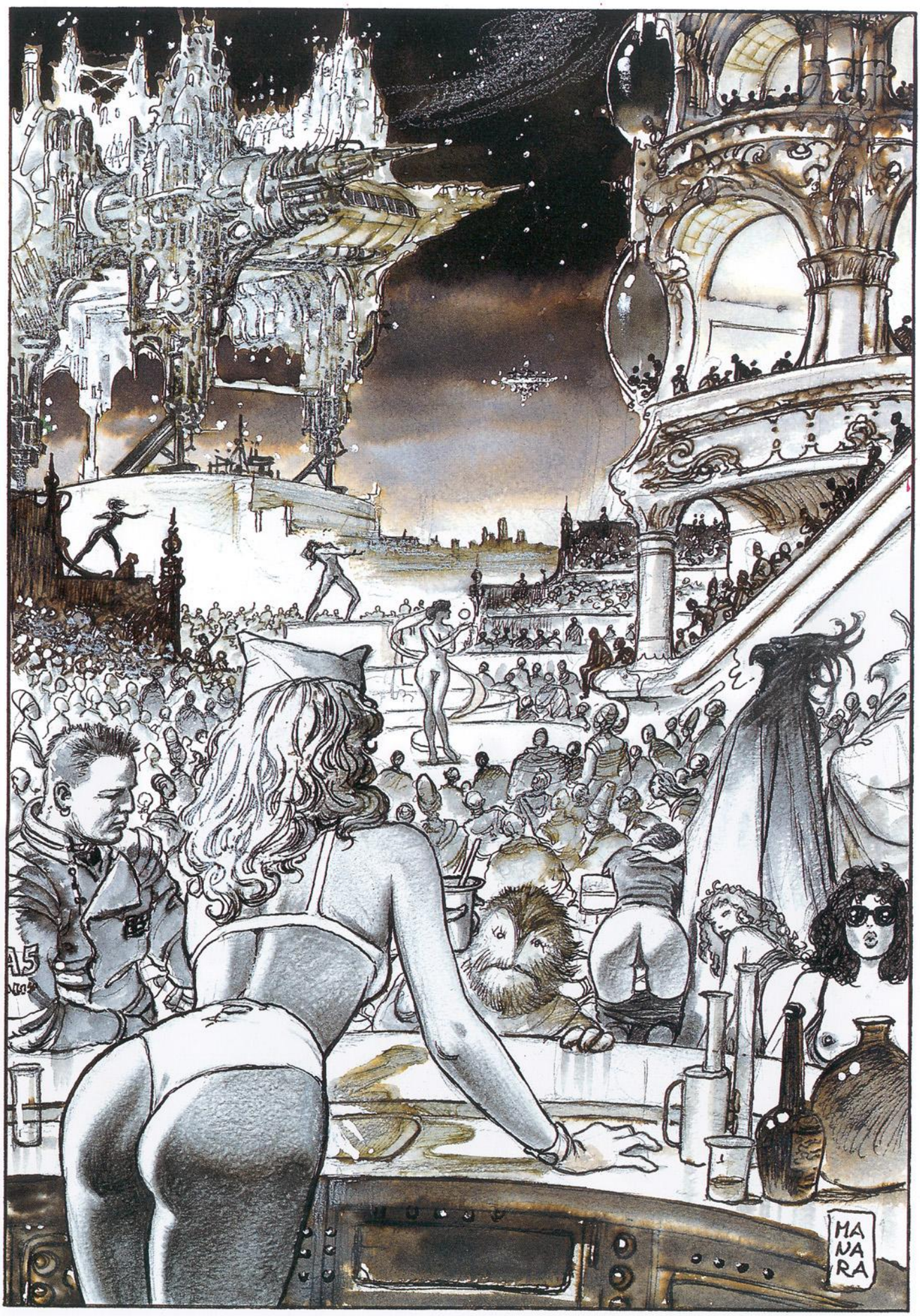


He yelps. A begging puppy. She lets out a little laugh, silencing him with a finger. She bends, she arches. "Hello, me." He slides off her light dress. The cloth roughly scrapes her silky breasts. "Now, let me make..."

And there before the sky painted with stars, within the murmur of a sleeping city, she shows him her pleasure as she sighs, "Spill yourself inside, I know that's all you want from me."

City Of Pleasures

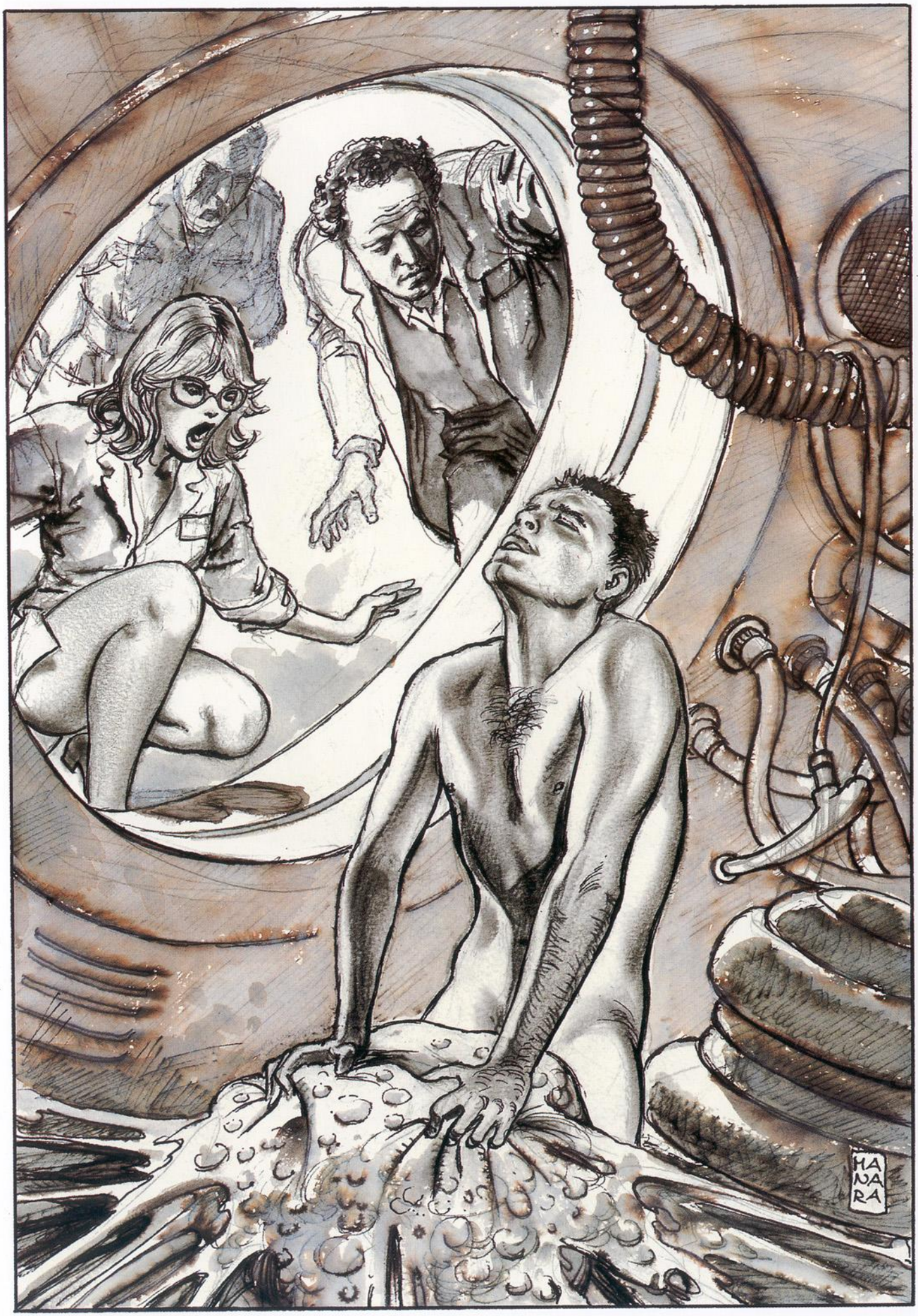
From the loudspeaker a luxurious voice murmurs in every known language in the universe: "Welcome to the City of Pleasures, where nothing imaginable is prohibited..." Close your eyes before landing. At the hiss of the airlocks open your eyes. Don't panic. You're on planet Milo.



On the night they arrive in the City of Pleasure, all the hotels are full...

So they settle for the floor of a shed covered in a strange mucus...

Where is my daughter and my husband?" she asks of the Cadet who awaits as she awakens...



When we return to Joseph, he has already sold their daughter for her weight in mucus...

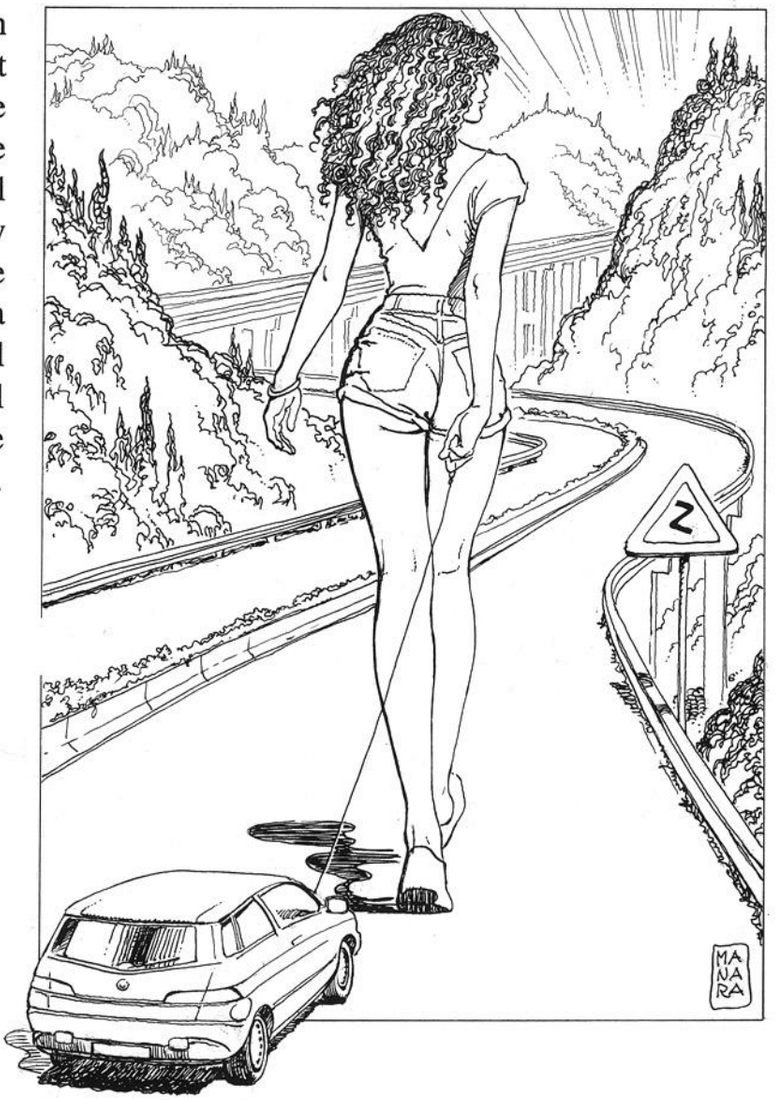
Marie has lost the fruit of her entrails and now her Spirit has left her...

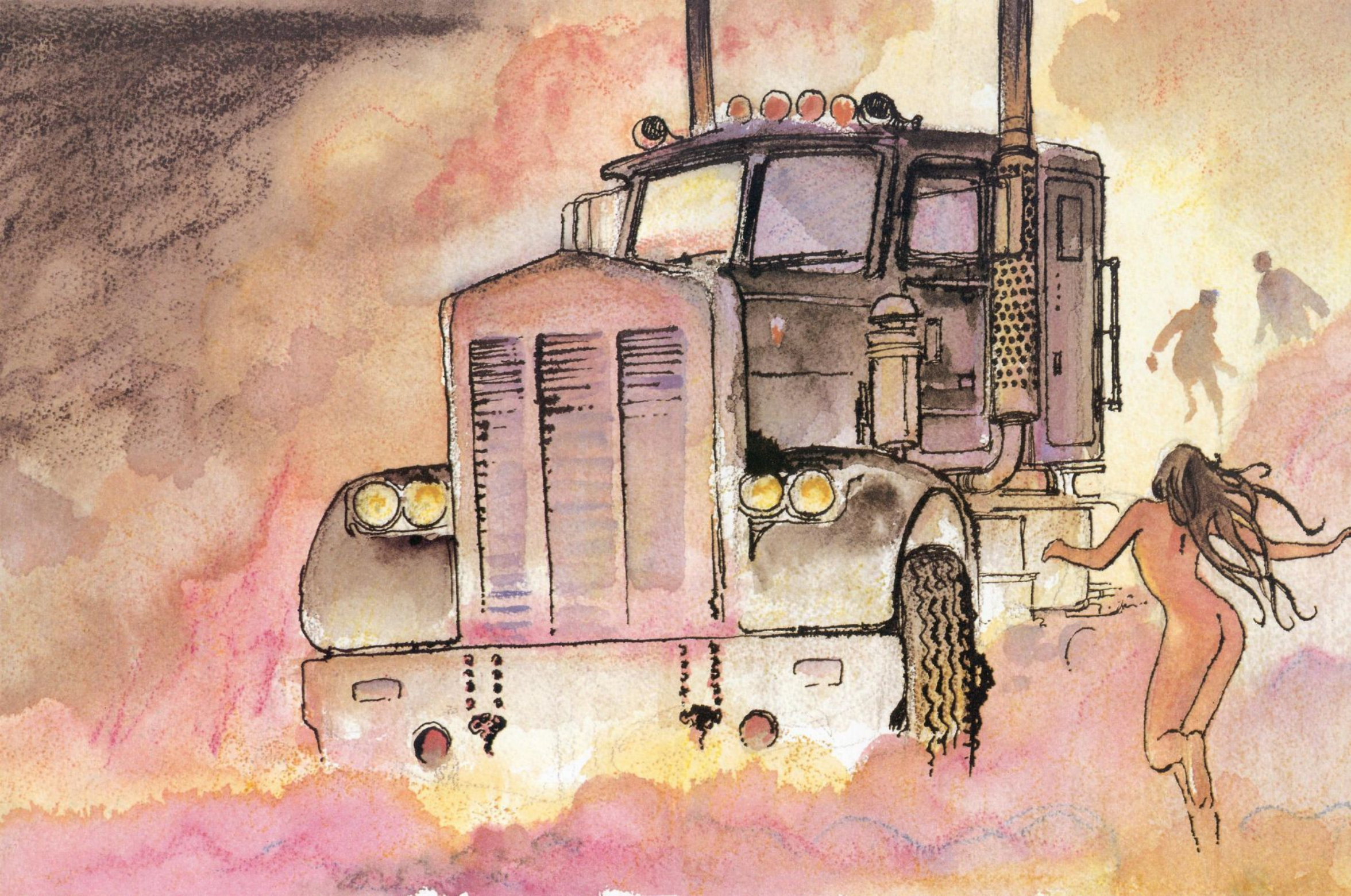
Free of her vows, she lets herself slide upon her fatal toboggan of delights...

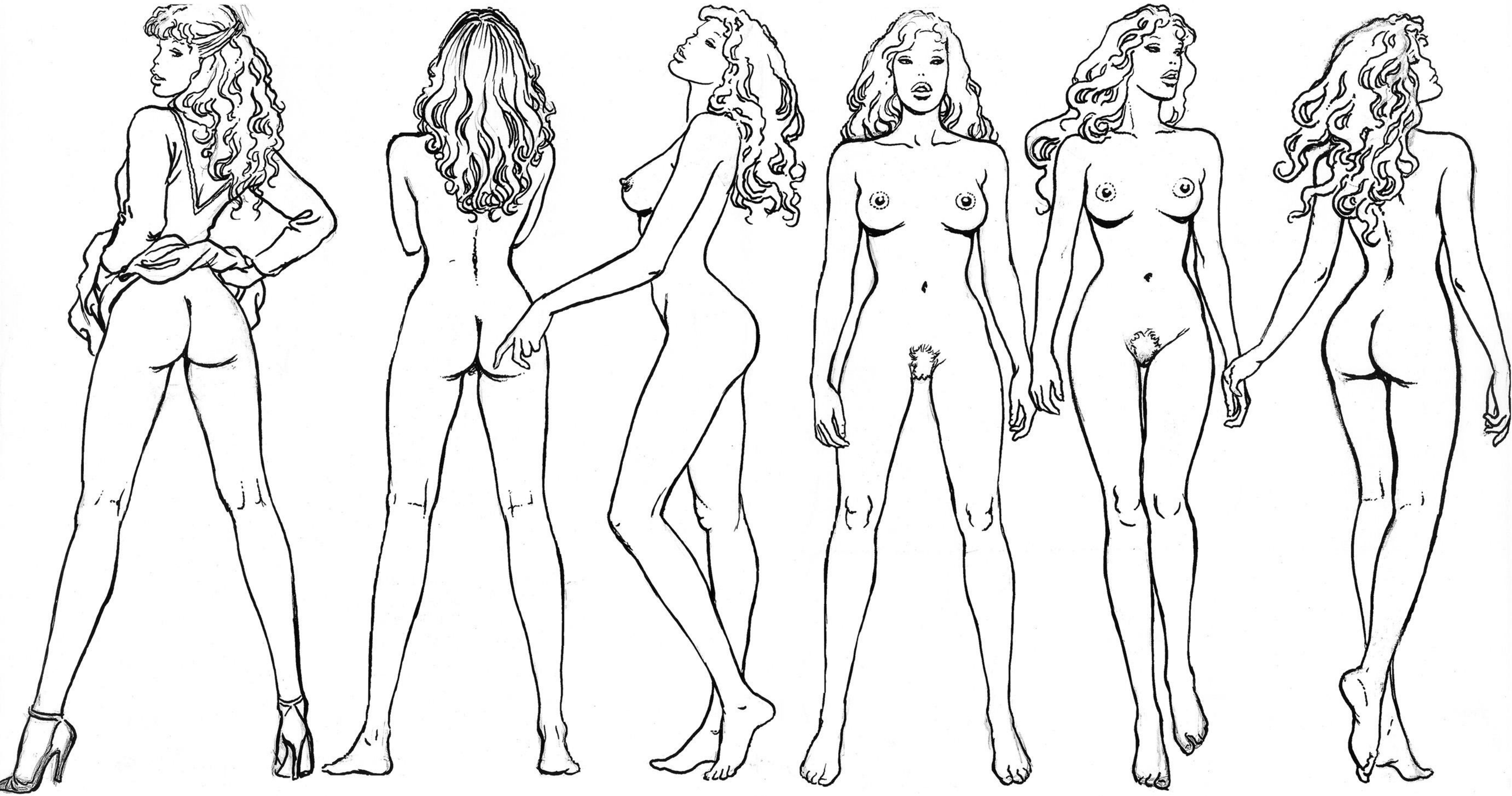
She becomes a resident of the City of Pleasures and quickly forgets the grand designs she had conceived for her infant.

Transportation

The beautiful hitchhikers you see on the side of the road prefer the fat asses to small cars. Drivers are nice. The game of muscles in the longshoreman's niche, the blue tattoo on the forearm, careless and steady above the king sized steering wheel, the stench of diesel mixed with a manly odor filters into the sleeping cabin with a badly hung curtain, the virile intimacy of the cabin, the knickknacks that hang under the rearview mirror, the photo of the waiting woman, all that is as troubling as the horse-power under the hood. Their naked thighs tremble on the seat of the bench. The centaur ogles them with a single eye, because in every circumstance it guards the way. The drive is prudent. He knows the beautiful hitchhikers are only chimeras born of the fatigue of too long a drive. Ten hours all alone behind the wheel and its Sharon Stone who sits up next to you.



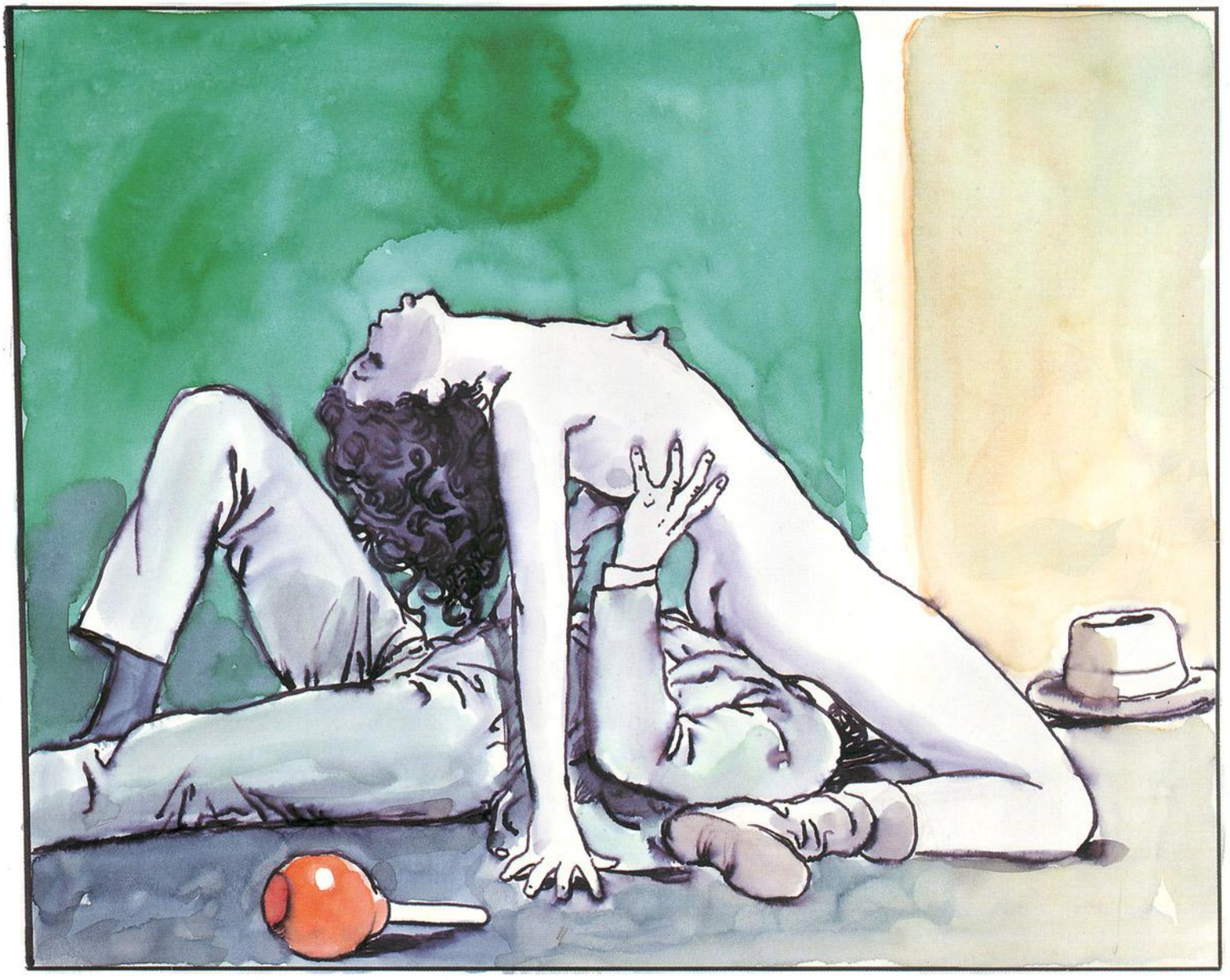




Shadow Prey

The Shadow comes when you call. She is docile and willing. It only takes a finger to call her.

But be on guard, impudent girls, its presence has not been invoked in vain. The Shadow hates being bothered for nothing.

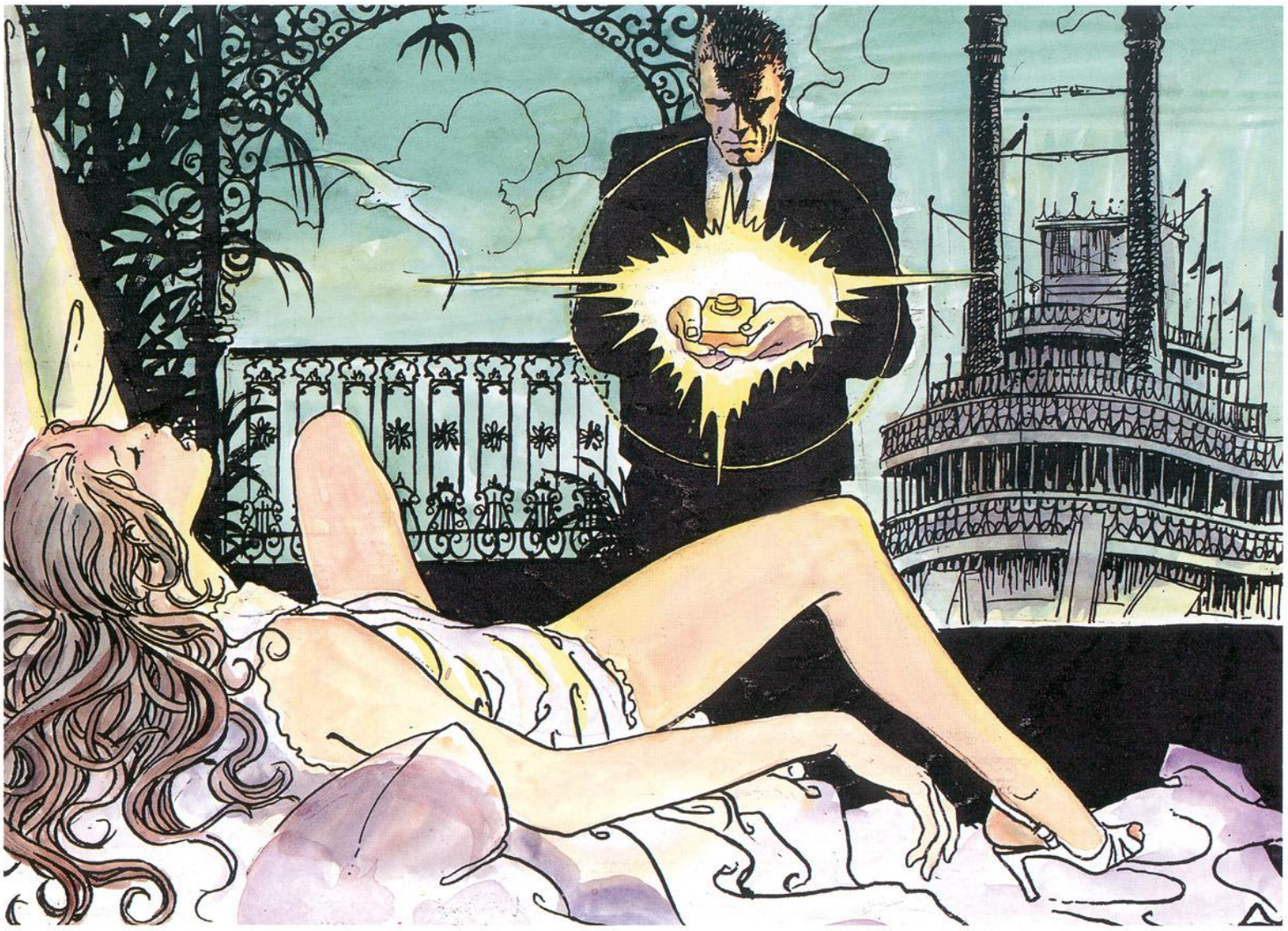


She claims what's due her. That's what the Shadow wanted, and she gets it. Afterwards, it will be too late to whimper about it not being what you want.

Aquatic

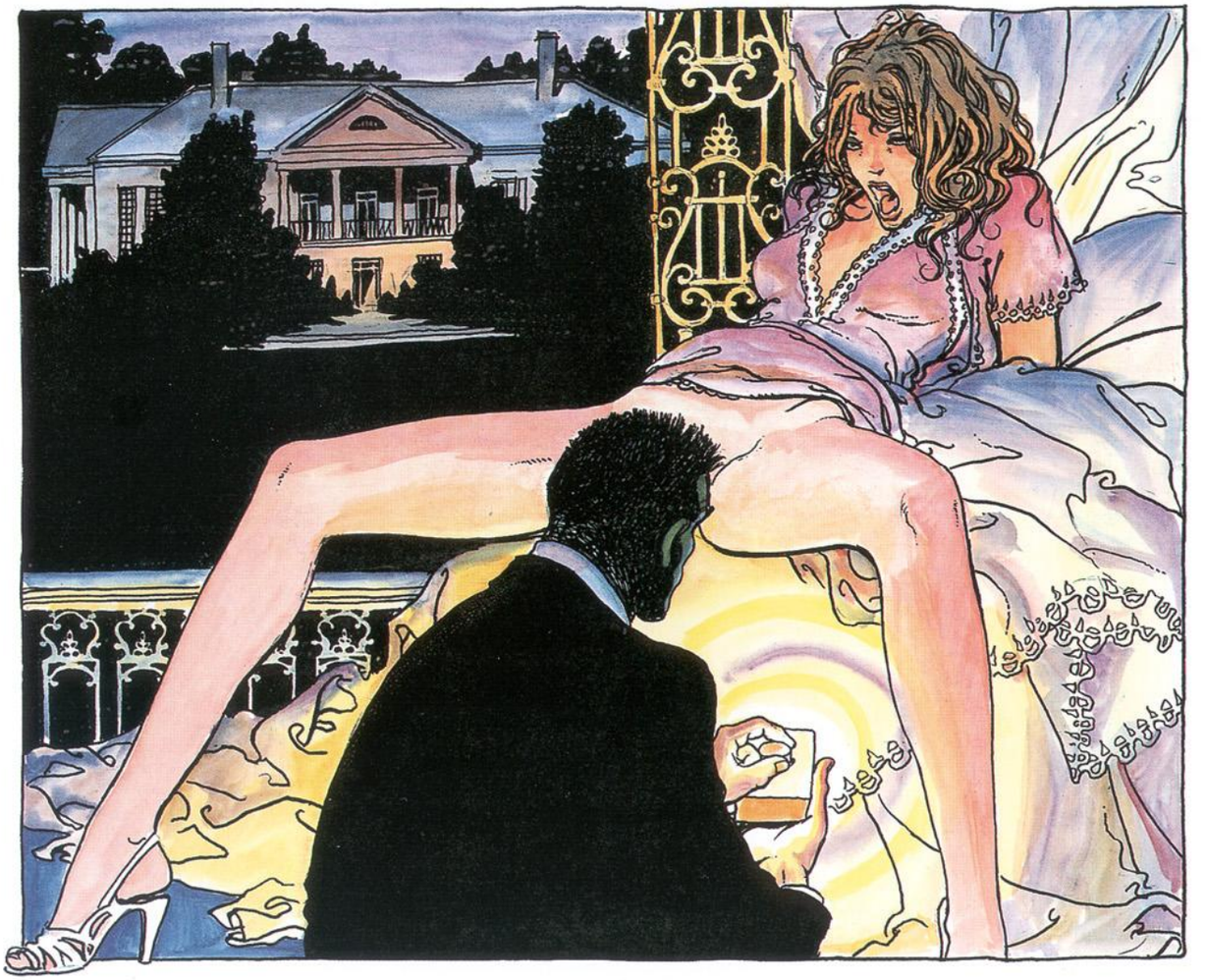
Play with the images like cards. Cut them out. Rearrange their order. In some sense, you will have a story. That's the tarot of Milo. Manara the magician.

Scarlett, sleepwalker in the conservatory. A man comes. He forces his dream.



She hears gasping. Dawn stirs up troubled waters for Old Man River.

The mud ebbs and flows. Burning slime. Scarlett cries out. Her cry awakens the plantation.



You run through the bayou. You hide your disgrace.
A lost girl, off to feed the fire that ravages you.

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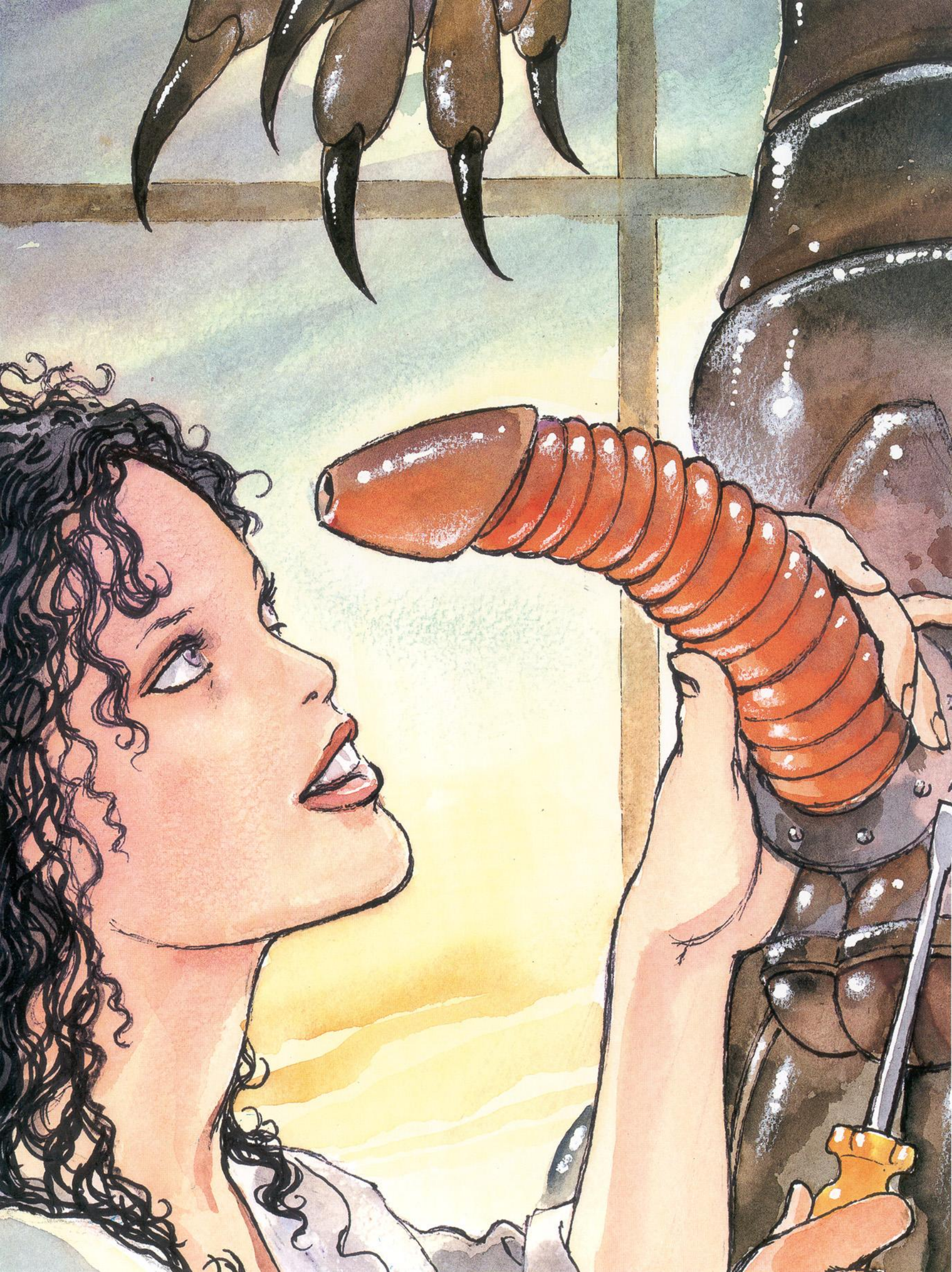
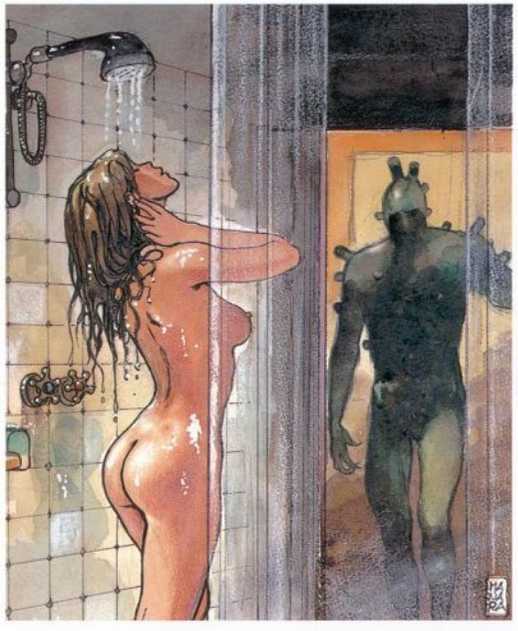
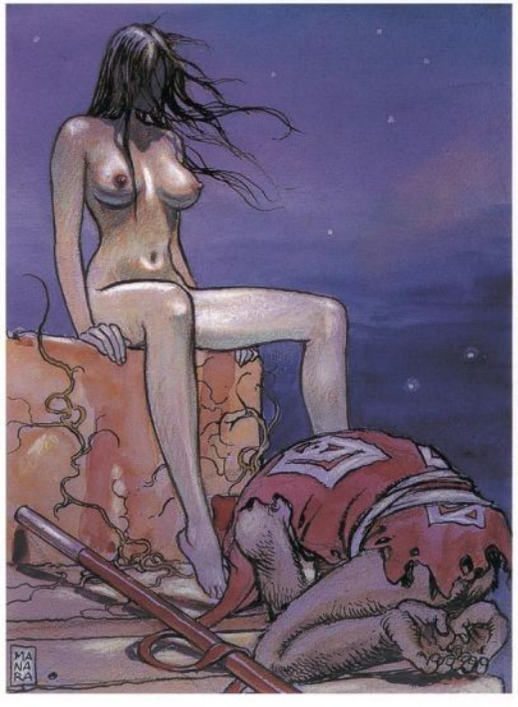
Futures

In their future, Eve will rid the world of their virile half, but won't they regret it? When they've won the ultimate battle of chromosomes- and taken so few prisoners- who will ensure these soldiers have their rest?





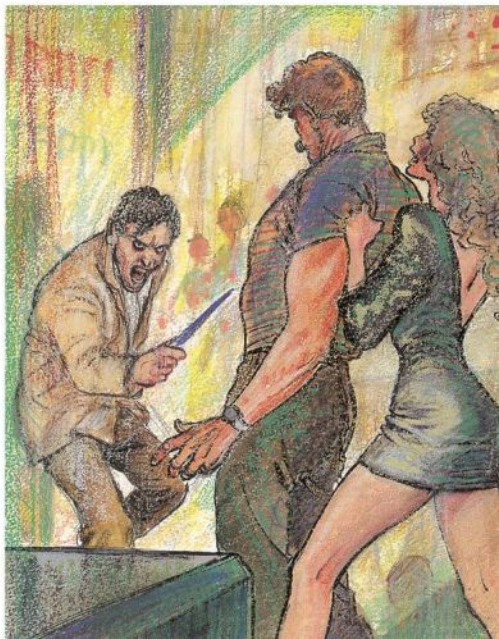


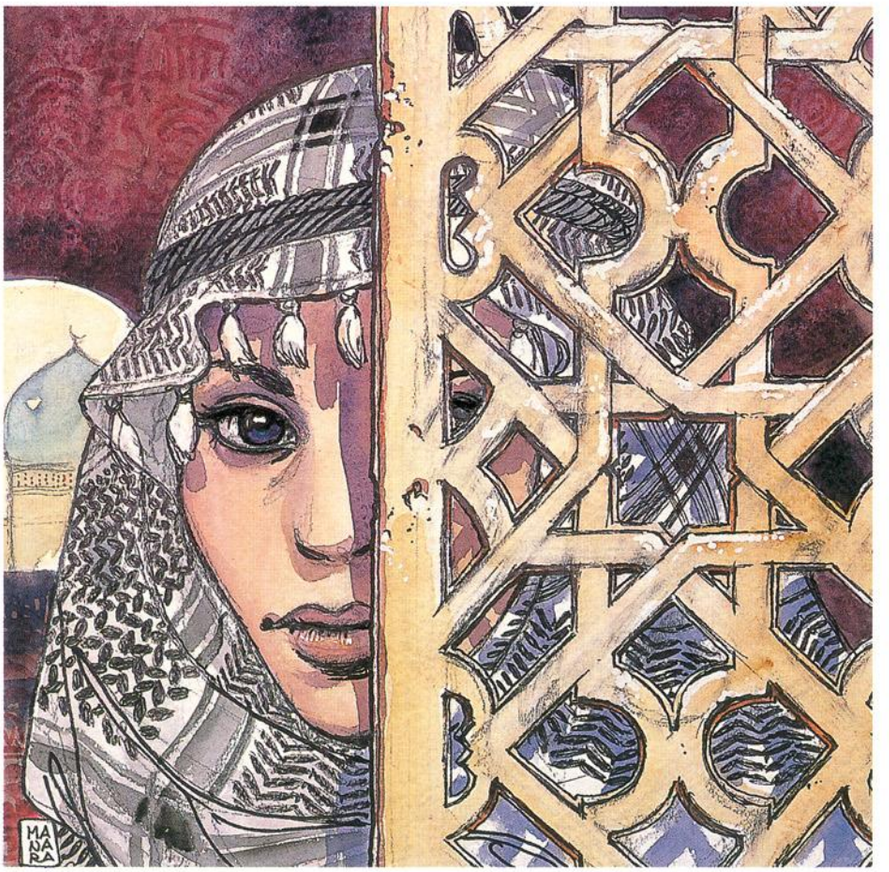
We'll trust in your genius. Amazon ladies, you make men feel reborn when they remember. The pretense is there to satisfy your senses and the holograph of Adam does his best to satisfy your desires.

BAR

Secret Garden

Dawn rose. Sheherazhad is at the end of her stories and forces the fire of her memory to reach the end of Milo's nights. She recalls again some enigmatic figures spied in the nooks of the secret garden. The Madonna and her infant rendered in wood. The little skin trainer. The eye wraps itself around the shadows of the Arabian grillwork on the balcony. That naked girl who is bound up. Was it that Liberty has guided the people or that Venus was born in the shadows like truth welling up? Delecroix or Botticelli.




MANARA

The women of

Manara

Compliant yet aloof, near yet inaccessible, too beautiful to be true, but too true to be only on paper... These are the women of Manara. These dream babes, these ideal girls, these exquisite creatures are yours today. They surrender without discretion, with their immodesty and their mischievous pouts.

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